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Pitch Black Silhouette



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Chapter 1 by Ricky Advani

It was vacation time and I was already carefree. I knew I was going to get an A- but I guess I was pushing myself too hard.

Jacob called me over for a overnight sleep and mom allowed me to stay over because he was the "responsible kid".

We both had Pizza, played some Fifa and Cod, prank called some of our classmates and a had a great time.

"Now, now its time to go to sleep" Jacob's mom said in a very calm manner. Jacob was a disciplined dude so I had no troubles. We figured we'd make another call and call it a night.

Jacob grabbed the yellow pages book and I called up a random number without any regret.

"Hello?" A deep voice uttered through the loudspeaker.

"Aye lass, wanna be drinkin' some ol' scottish whiskey?" I said in my best scottish impersonation.

"Sure Dave" He replied

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My eyes were wide open and my hand started to shake like a machine gun on steroids." How does HE know your name?" Jacob asked. I didn't answer him. I just hung up the call before he did anything to creep us out.

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We went to bed and discussed about it all night until we fell asleep.

At around 3AM in the dead night, I heard a car stop near to the front of the house (His room was near to the gate and we could see it right from the window)

Jacob woke up and cooperated with me as we went to check who was up at night. There was a Toyota lancer parked at the gate and a man standing next to it.

We could barely get a grip of ourselves and I could hear Jacob start breathing like he was running out of oxygen.

I looked back at him and calmed him down, but as we looked back at the gate, He wasn't there but his car was still parked in the same place.

We both rushed down and locked all the doors we could without waking his mom up.

We suddenly heard the doorknob for the front door open, but we locked it. I slowly tip toed to where Jacob was and he had the shade partially open but not wide enough for the man to spot us.

Then there was a brief silence and we heard the kitchen windows try to open but we locked it as well.

Each minute we heard the man try to open the doors but he had failed. My heart was already beating fast enough for Jacob to hear it. Suddenly after 10 minutes of nothingness we heard the back door open up as the hinges creaked

"YOU DIDN'T LOCK THE BACK DOOR" I silently screeched at him

We ran up to our room as quietly as we could and hid under his bed, the blankets covered our view at the bottom but there'd be a chance he wouldn't spot us. I had a strong feeling it was the creepy dude whom we had called a while back.

Jacob suddenly started to sweat and whispered to me "What about mom?"

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